52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2621.

Wednesday April 26. 1939

Well Lytt Colyer, this is a queer go. I'm addressing the lady who has an anchor, & wants to write a book about him. The queer go is that the very same idea flashed into my head about 3 weeks ago — I shot it to Leonard & John at lunch: & it also had flashed in Li head. But he's waiting to see the morals & the Care; we'll wait; only try, as you say, to get into touch with Ge. — that the other Ge, Thursday Victoria.

We came back, Gower St, yesterday. And would have suggested coming over to St. only 3 of you dg went in my influenza — not Leonard: I have my own influenza: & this makes me hate Ge & didn't catch his. So the time went, &

now we're back; but hope to be down again, a net w
fied to weekend, Wow: when the Rees accounts —
a very dismal matter this year, Peter the only
bright spot, — are clinched, concluded — what's the word?
D'you know they're pulling down the house next door?
We're moved up: a fact very transitory, like crows in a
tree that've been cut down. What fills every cranny:
when the hammering begins? Make Sly.

I've just had a letter from Ben about the
Roger Fry Lapers — Jer. I think an admirable idea: w
wish want to him — But Margery Fry, as executor,
wish have to be consulted. Is Ben under
Kenneth Clarke? No I shouldn't like
working for Royal pictures — that's why my views of
republicanism: I suppose it's a great chance,
a lifelong adventure. What Jem to be Ben —?
long for news of his encounter. And to see him.
We've been given seats for a 1st night of
Wuthering Heights — a movie. Then I shall meet the
real Lizzy. Shall you be up soon? Yes. I
wish immense buying rolls for
breakfast at Rezeley
How Goes?

V.

HAMILL + BARKER 2/5/62

Mary has left Stephen for Mr. Madge a poet.

Monk's House
Rodmell
near Lewes
Sussex

19th Aug: 1939

Isn't it nice sometimes to write a letter one doesn't have to write? So this is me. I've been walking in the marsh & found a swan sitting in a Saxon grave. Then I came back & read about Leonardo — Kenneth Clark — good I think: then made me also think of you — And in a minute I must Cook some macaroni.

We're half way through one more — have no home at the moment — only traps in vans. Lord what a mess: in a rage I tore up manes of shapes. More, more, more remain. I've two nice rooms at the top, — I like them — there you'll come — one door is chintzy on a hill, I suppose (slightly — t'other all green fields & the Foundlings playing. So we'll sit

in the window. I shall say, which ring Vita – which
ring am I on? I had a visit from Eddie
the other day: & really he wrung my heart – like a
face tossed up from the bottom & the sea on a beach –
one of them bits of worked white wood sea salted – a
death mask. But – what it all about? Never fear
of mercy. Humph I suppose (boring, thought
sympathetic, uncharitable.) Retaller went came
over – but why so prosperous & fat? & why this
dilly dallying with the world & the flesh? No, I
don't think one makes much headway – this two elephanted
one foot in sea & one on shore, as your ancestor sang.
I'm in a rage. That devil woman Gerelle Fleurd
calmly tells me she's thrown those d-d photographs –
& I made it a condition the shouldn't. Don't you
think it damnable? – considering how they filched &
pilfered & fair cracked – the treacherous vermin. Do
give her a piece of your mind if you see her. I loathe
being hoisted about on top of a stick for any one to stare at.
Shall you send me a book to read soon? Are you
tackling the old ancestor – what's his name? Now
I've engaged working when I needn't: that not to say
you've engaged reading. And which ring are we on –
my poor Potto & V? V.

Monk's House
Rodmell
near Lewes
Sussex

Wednesday 29th Aug.
1939

week, there's another day of peace – I mean we're just beyond the P.M.
I suppose Harold came back, so you didn't come.

I can't help letting hope break in, the other prophecies too mad.
But I don't think I'm philosophic – rather, numbed. We do hot a funny on our little island – L. gardening, playing bowls, working on dunes: a outside spectator by gloom. Of course I'm not in the least patriotic, which may be a help.
Not afraid, I mean for my own body.
But that's an old body. And all the same I should like another ten years: & I like my friends: I like the young. That'll all do forever if — Meanwhile, not a van will come to unpack furniture or remove books at 37: all held up: publishers & moving blocked.

We go up on Thursday to see what is to be
done.

Otherwise come at any time, o
indeed, my dearest creature, whatever
rung I'm on, the ladder is a fleet
Comfort in this kind of intolerable
Suspension of all reality — something real.

But will it do? — one
can't fold it in any words.

NYPL

V.

9nd Sept / 39

Yes. Dearest Creature, come a day moment you like & share our pot. Alone today & what a mercy!

I did like your letter. And if I'm dumb & chill, it doesn't mean I don't always keep thinking of you — one of the very few constant presences in yours, or so — well no more.

Yes. I storm a dumb rage, being forgot for by these children whom one wants to see making love to each other.

So come: & I'll write write to you. If to no one else, whenever I've a moment free.

Dearest creature, how I go on seeing you, tormented. V.

3rd Sept / 39

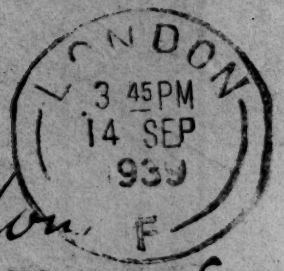
Yes. Dearest Creature, come at any moment you like & share our pot. Alone today & what a mercy!

I did like your letter. And if I'm dumb & chill, it doesn't mean I don't always keep thinking of you — one of the very few constant presences in yours, & so — well no more.

Yes. I storm a dumb rage, being forgot for by these children whom one wants to see making love to each other.

So come: & I'll write to you, if to no one else, whenever I've a moment free.

Dearest creature, how I go on seeing you, tormented. V.



The Hon. V. Sackville West

Sissinghurst Castle

Kent

Monk's House
Rodmell
near Lewes
Sussex

13th Sept.

8th Sept.

Not got put away: a cent worth lending Jane, to draw an answer perhaps from Jan

Isn't it difficult to write letters? Do you feel it? I'd like to know what you feel. Every now & then one seems completely cut off. Not in the body. That is, there's an incessant bother of small arrangements - 2 Hogarth Rees clerks to shut up: mattress to buy: curtains to make: the village swarming with pregnant women & cottages without a chair or table to furnish out of scrapes from the attic. So why does one feel inert, oppressed with solitude? Partly I suppose that one can't work. At least today I wrote ten sentences of Roger: but each word was like carrying a coal scuttle to the top of the house - yesterday two more.

in London - seeing Stephen Spender, seeing
John, buying carpets, half listening for
the siren. I think I boasted too
soon about not being afraid physically.
Anyhow I was glad when we were
out on the road home again.

Oh Jo, what you said about Julian
was what I'd been in my mind all the
time. I must be naturally dense. At last,
it took his death to make me — oh
NYPL
it no use trying to say how one goes on
blooming. Mercifully, Quentin has been
rejected by the Territorials — his ~~was~~ RD
tuberculosis: & now has been given
a job on the farm by Maynard.

This has been interrupted: & is not
worth sending, save as Potto's
kind of scratch at your door. It's
bowling hot: I've been walking by the
river. I came on 6 eggnets
paddling in the brooks. The weekends
we have the Clerks down: & 29 have 20
for breaked the women & children
of Bermondsey. Have
you? VW.

Oh Lottie came for a week end — was charming: no trouble — printed, not a word of complaint — indeed very considerate & kind:

Monk's House
Rodmell
near Lewes
Sussex

Dec 3rd.

That was nice of you — to send me your book. It really touched me. I've not read it (no) don't suppose you'd care a damn to know what I thought, if I thought about it (considered as a work of art — or would you?) — but I dipped in & read about Saulieu & the fair & the green glass bottle. The pictures are lovely; but angelic they to be a little sharper? Wherein they when we saw them that day in the Office? (that reminds me: I owe you 1/2 for Cigarettes). I shall keep it by my bed, (when I wake in the night — no, I shant use this a Soporific, but as a Sedative: a dose of sanity & that day in this scratching, clawing, scolding universe. The war makes one horribly

bad tempered. Against that I set the
Country: no, I don't think I shall ever live in
London again. Yesterday I saw a Cormorant &
a Kingfisher together on the river in a storm
& today I've been battling against the
wind to the top of the downs, where there's
a hollow – a windwarm hollow, at the post, but
which? – says.

One day we were in Tunbridge Wells.
Everything looks. Shall we meet there,
before Christmas?

Tomorrow we have to go to London for
2 nights. & I have to give old Ethel
lunch. To imagine me shouting
while the ear trumpet dangles down her
back.

Dear me, I'm so tired & correcting Rafe, –
as so bad. But then how can we make a
life on my £15 Cardboard boxes, Jack &
Taylor's bills love letters & old Victoria postcards!
With much deepness & respect
Yours.

NYPL

HAMILL & BARKER 2/3/62